

# the NATIVE VOICE

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WE PROUDLY PRESENT . . .

## Canada's Next Girl Champion Swimmer

By DON DELAPLANTE

Garden Village, Lake Nipissing, Aug. 17 — (Special) — An Ojibway Indian girl wants a top swimming coach to develop her unorthodox style which has convinced elders at this Ojibway reserve, near Sturgeon Falls, she's a champion.

Betty Goulais, 14, won a half-mile race in 11½ minutes. If she was clocked accurately, her time was less than 22 seconds short of the women's world record, set by U.S. veteran Ann Curtis.

The lithe, 100-pound Indian maiden churned across the course, her long black hair trailing behind, before any of the other girls reached the halfway mark.

Her windmill style is combined with a remarkable ability to get along without air. Sometimes she takes 20 strokes without a breath.

### STILL GROWING

"What I want most is a chance to get proper training under a good coach," she said. "I am still a growing girl and it won't be long 'til I'm ready for big swims."

*She has read about Marilyn Bell and is a devoted admirer.*



BETTY GOULAIS IS ADMIRER OF MARILYN BELL  
Indian belle looks forward to her own big swims.

Betty is training now for a distance swim of five miles to Iron Island, offshore in the lake. Her 16-year-old brother, also a self-taught swimmer, can make it with ease.

Earlier this year she was thwarted in her first try when waves hurled her boat against her and knocked her unconscious. She was 2½ miles out at the time, and swimming strongly in spite of the choppy seas.

Her father, Charlie Goulais, 65, a veteran trapper and hydro pensioner, thinks five miles is plenty for a 14-year-old girl. Real marathon work can come in a couple of years, he says.

### AN HONOR PUPIL

Betty graduated from public school with honors last June and will take a stenographer's course at Sturgeon Falls High School. *There has been no school at the reserve for several years.*

Betty is also an excellent ball player and belle of the ball at the reservation's Tuesday night teen dances. She embroiders and sews beautifully, but can hold her own with the men at canoeing and fishing.

Older women call her "Flower of the Reservation."

## Seaway Waters to Cover Part of Historic Village

MONTREAL. — Part of the ancient Indian village of Caughnawaga, a few miles southwest of Montreal, will be flooded when the St. Lawrence seaway is completed.

One of the most colorful chapters in Canada's early history was the establishment of this 3,000-strong Indian reserve, home for the Mohawks.

The village which changed sites five times since its inception, and also has often changed names, was founded in 1669 where today stands the township of Laprairie, a suburb of Montreal. Its founder, Ton-

sahaten, his wife and five children were converted to Catholicism two years previously while the Indian was acting as guide for the Jesuit father Charles Bosquet.

In 1676, the Indian village moved to Cote Ste. Catherine on the shores of the St. Lawrence River. The place was called "Kateri-Tsi-Tkaiaat" or "where Kateri Tekakwitha was buried." At this spot a monument in honor of the girl known as "the lily of the Mohawks" has been erected and will be preserved by St. Lawrence Seaway Commission.

Relics of the Indian convert girl, since elevated to the rank of "blessed" by the Catholic Church, remained untouched until 1759 when her bones were transferred by the Iroquois tribe to the mission of St. Francis Xavier of Caughnawaga.

The third and fourth displacements of the tribe took place in 1689 and 1696, firstly to a spot opposite Huron Island, and then to a place near the rapids opposite Sault St. Louis.

The last displacement happened in 1719 at Kahnawake-Caughna-

waga where the first church was built in 1721, and where the present church dates back to 1845.

The present church contains many historic relics such as the way-of-the-cross which is inscribed in Iroquois, a chalice that bears inscriptions from Louis XIV and another from Empress Eugenie.

Other interesting items are kept in a museum adjoining the church, including a letter from Chateaubriand noting the presence of an Iroquois chief in Paris in 1824, for the coronation of Charles X.

## He Lived With

# The Shadows of His People

(All Rights Reserved)

I thought of Little Morning; I thought of myself. The blood of a people is not good without a heart. I had given my council the promise I would bring Mach-pe-ya Feck-a to them as my squaw. This I would do. I had not said I would place the seed of my blood in her to grow. Mach-pe-ya Feck-a and I came together as strangers, as strangers we would part. Though few there would ever be to know this.

She was of a happy face when I said this to her. And she went to be with her brave of a sad song. When I awoke, I found Gentle Cloud in the tipi as she would always be. She was squaw of my tipi but not the squaw of my heart.

FOR the coming of two moons I remained in the camp of Red Cloud. It was with a messenger from my own village saying Sitting Bull was among us that I left. I took Gentle Cloud with me; no pain come to Red Cloud. There was joy in him for the baby that his daughter had come to carry. The blood of him would live and his heart be for his people. The joy of it came to my village that there was to be a baby between us but the truth my people came to see and they were quiet with it.

The talk of Sitting Bull was not of joy. There was no happy face to wear, only one of sorrow. The squaws wailed, the council found shoulders to cry upon. Long it was, it seemed to me, before I was given to know their sorrow. Then, I would have run from it and given the earth my tears. I would have cried with Sitting Bull: "Where is the sun? Where is the laughter our people once knew? Take away this sorrow, take it away."

Then, he said it! "Our people are taken from the land that is theirs. They wait for the dawn when they can come together and stand in peace. They look for the sun. They cry for the Great One to take the hands of the white man from them. The drink of the white man fills them with the cocoons of the crazy bugs. They are twisted. They look at their knives and say I hate this man of the pale skin. They want their tears to be all that is of their sorrow. But this drink is in them. It strikes a fire that does not die. It burns until the sight of our people is gone. They raise their arms..."

There was no more for Sitting Bull to say. He opened a skin and

## Story of Chief Crazy Horse

We continue on this page the unhappy story of Chief Crazy Horse as recounted by his grand-nephew, Cha-lan-nung. This is the fourth installment of this stirring tragedy and the tale will carry on over several issues of The Native Voice.

placed it for me to see. Beneath the dry blood I found a scalp.

THE sorrow of the council had been for me; their tears had been to ease mine. To hurt one of our people is to hurt all of them.

I left them. I could not give them words. My voice was of dark tears. The picture of the torn scalp does not leave me. The fine white hair of Mr. Scott had been set before me to see.

I do not know how long I remained a part of the winter. My sorrow froze me to the earth. The day passed, the night came. But, I could see no more than the scalp before my eyes. I wanted to wet the numbness of my face with my grief. There were no tears to come. I sat with thoughts that faded into a sleep. It was good to sleep as I did then. There were no dreams, no past. Only did I reach out to touch the hand of the spirit on the white horse.

The torture of my body brought me from this sleep. Every nerve was opened to the fire. I fought against it. I wanted to run once more into the cool of the snow. But, arms held me down when I would have moved. A boiling liquid was brought to my lips and my mouth forced open. I parted my eyes to Gentle Cloud and Sitting Bull.

I had returned from the dead and they were glad. Their hearts spoke out to the Great One in their thanks. The word of my awakening was in the village and my people were made happy. But, I could not laugh nor give my thanks. My sorrow had not passed with the night. It would always stay with me.

The heart I would give to the white woman Gentle Cloud and Sitting Bull could see. Their sorrow was for the unhappiness that had come to touch me. A vision was before Totanka Yotonka but he would not speak it.

The council came then to me with their word I must go to the fort with bowed head. I must show the white man the sadness of our people for what had been done. I was to walk with my hands open, my palms upward for all to see.

They would be empty. My words would be straight. Nothing would I hold in deceit.

They brought me from my bed and placed the blanket of my father about my shoulders.

THE council sat with me as the brave who had taken the scalp was brought before us and hanged. His squaw had come to watch the closing of his life. She wailed as the rope tightened about his neck and he was dropped to the ground. She went to him and held him in her arms. The women of her family came to her with their help. They took her husband from the eyes of the white people and returned to the village. Our heads had been bowed but now we lifted them.

I met the eyes of Mr. Scott's son. David looked at me and shook his head. We had come as good friends to one another. There was no bad word between us. The blind woman of our village was given the heart of him. He held her with gentle arms and she was made to cry for his kindness. Now he could see no more of our life for him. We had killed his father and I could not say 'no' to it.

When I would speak he walked from me. The back of him I had never wanted to know. What he could not say his sister had the tongue to find. She came to look at me with all her bad hate. Her voice was that I had said her father must die when he had closed his eyes to the want of me to make her my squaw.

"No, no." Many times I said it to her but she did not hear.

Then I came to know she had found the dead body of her father. My council wept for her. The word of it would come to our village and the women would wail. They would say their sorrow.

The hand of David took me from the sight of his sister. He was good in his smile for me; the back of him was gone. The door of his house was open for me. He would not close it. The white man heard and he turned from one of his own people.

THROUGH the winter we waited. Our war chests were swollen with the strength of our nation. The moons were many before the talk of the spring would come with the white man. We did not break the peace we had made. We listened to Red Cloud, Dull Knife and Sitting Bull. Peace they cried until the white man

showed himself.

The young were not of their eye and we went to the north country. We would not let our ponies grow fat and our bodies like the fire waters of the summer. Our voice of war was of our fathers. We put fire to the homes of those who had come to live upon our land and we drove their animals to our winter camps.

I do not care the thunder of the white man's voice when he speaks now. I stand with my people and call him liar when he says we killed. We did not quiet the life of any white man's family the winter. We stole, we burned their homes. Their lives we gave them. The war we played with them was a game. It was the war our father had known. With them, war had not been for the dead they could count. Any people can kill. The tested the strength of one another by letting them live.

For all of us it was a good winter. It was peace and we held to us.

When we returned to our winter camp it was well for me. A medicine man had come to sit at the side of Gentle Cloud. His word were a cure for the loneliness that was in her. A song was with him. He was Laughing Dog, the brave of her heart.

WITH the first green of the Spring I went with my heart to the women of the good den hair. I gave it to her to see before the bad talk of the spring could bring war between our people. But, war had already come to her and her brother. Their own had turned upon them for the good words they had given to me. The cattle that had been many upon their land was gone. They had been killed and left to rot. The house was without glass to see through. Boards were across the windows. The door was marked with bullets. Bad words had been put upon paper for them to read. The body of their father had been taken from his grave and thrown upon their porch. The sorrow did not end for them.

The good of my people I gave them with my hand. Our tipis would be open, our beds would be theirs. I looked in their eyes to know the feel of them for me.

(Continued on Page 3)

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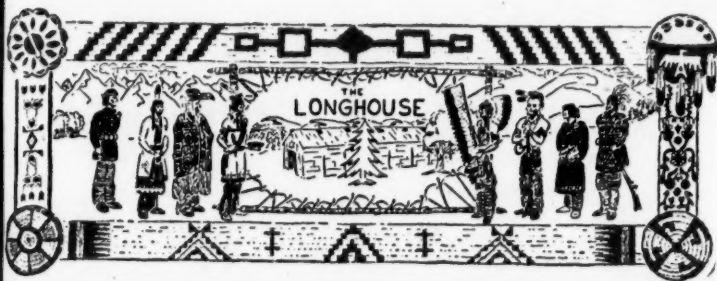
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## LONGHOUSE PLEDGE

- 1 I will open my eyes to vision, that I may unlock the message of THE LONGHOUSE. Let me sense in her length and breadth my full measure. With vision may I be always LOYAL.
- 2 I will open my mind to humility, that I may reciprocate kindness for adverseness. Let me always be aware that my days are short. My work is long, my talent endures not forever. In Patiently may I be always LOYAL.
- 3 I will open my heart to patience that those for whom I plan may not be denied their true answer through any haste of mine, or shallow expediency. As my art grows in the building of the true Longhouse, so may my heart grow in loyalty to her household. Patients may I be always LOYAL.
- 4 I will open my hands to artistry, that I may skillfully draw line and plane to the support and protection of my Longhouse, to the nourishment of her dedicated purpose and to the preservation of her culture. Let my tools be adroit and ready weapons in her resistance to corruption and her struggle to be always free. With artistry may I be always LOYAL.
- 5 Even if the whole world ravage and destroy, may I be always LOYAL. Let no creed, color or nation drag me down by making me hate him. Bridging the world of difference, working and enlarging The Longhouse of peace and good will. While with the breath of The Great Spirit is in me, may I be always LOYAL.

## Over 1,000 at Picnic

In a picturesque setting in the beautiful La Bague Woods near Chicago, Chief Charles Munsch of The Longhouse on August 28th gave one of his famous picnics. The only rival to the Chief's great hospitality was the heat, which was over 95 degrees.

Over 1,000 people were present and the entertainers Indians.

Sioux, Winnebago, Navajo, Chippewa, Mohawk were among those present.

Our own Frank Smart, a director of The Longhouse, was Master of Ceremonies.

The President and Vice-President of The Longhouse, Chief Begay and White Buffalo, were among the dancers.

Wandering Elk came with his band and it is always a pleasure

to have him and his group.

Our good friend Walks By Day, one of the directors of the All-Tribes Centre and President of their Dance Team, was also present. Walks By Day is considered the best Indian dancer in Chicago.

Our own Don Holberg of The Longhouse thrilled the audience with his celebrated hoop dance.

In spite of the terrific heat, everyone went home happy but tired.

Oneh,  
SKARONATE.

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## Longhouse Presents Life Membership to Al Cobe

The Longhouse Inc., of Chicago, has moved its meeting place to Eckhart Park, which is much closer to the residential section of the Native population living there.

On September 24, in beautiful Clarendon Hills, the officers of the Longhouse danced at the Carnival of the Parent-Teachers' Association of Prospect School.

At this Carnival, the Longhouse presented Al Cobe, a Chippewa, with the first Life Membership ever given by the Longhouse.

Al Cobe founded the Indian Service League, which is the only Indian Club the Longhouse has identified itself with; each club operates as a separate entity.

Mr. Cobe was a former teacher at Yale University and is now operating his own business as a Golf Professional.

He and his lovely wife were taken completely by surprise when the officers of the Longhouse, carrying the Indian flag, came into the audience and escorted them to the arena.

The Longhouse officers present were Chief Begay, White Buffalo, Chief Brown Eagle, Ohmeme, Swift Rabbit, Little Mosquito, Frank Smart, Ite Wasteka and Skaroniate.

CHAS. H. WORKMAN

Continued from Last Month

## Ft. George School Described

Their clothing is sent in from W.A. groups outside on the Hudson Bay boat, the "Fort Charles," every summer in which we call "bales"—huge bundles completely covered in sacking or canvas requiring two or three men to toss them about. Christmas presents and relief clothing come in this way and the church is dependent upon the generosity of many guilds and groups for these northern necessities. Of course, the Mission itself spends a great deal of money for food and clothing, too. Each child is completely outfitted twice during the year and they get their parkas and moccasins besides.

Only recently did the government take over the Indian residential schools, buying the whole plant complete, leaving the church with the administration of it. The teachers are now paid by the government which should now attract more persons into this work as the church could not pay very much and now they get government scale. There are two of us teaching the 86 children. Miss Livesey has Kindergarten, Grades 1 and 2, in the residence and I have 3-8 in 500 square feet of the parish hall about 100 yards away. All children start at Kindergarten where they begin to learn English, whether they are 4 or 14 years of age. As soon as they learn the fundamentals they are promoted to the next grade. One girl in my Grade 3 was in Kindergarten last year and she is doing very well indeed although she is in the second, Grade 2, reader. Considering that they are all speaking a foreign language they are doing very well indeed. Their written English suffers greatly due to the complicated Cree language which almost always puts the cart before the horse, and there are many Cree words that can cover at least two of our English sentences. "Shesh"

## Longhouse Pow Wow Success

(DELAYED)

The Longhouse of Chicago, Illinois, gave its first Pow Wow on June 18 in the beautiful Theillon's Stadium. Mr. Frank Smart, Chippewa, one of the directors of the Longhouse, acted as Master of Ceremonies.

Besides the Longhouse members, Wandering Elk (Ray Douglas) and his Boy Scout Dancers, Tribe of Delevan, took part. Also the Milo S. Copa Dancers of Milwaukee, Wisconsin, and Dale Windler with his Hokshila Ska Dancers.

All of these people donated their services. One-half the proceeds went to help defray a debt incurred by the Indian Service League. They were in need of aid and The Longhouse stood by to help.

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means in English—"I am finished" or "There isn't any more" (of whatever one has had). They are very shy people and it is quite a task to get them to read aloud or ask a question or answer one. They do soak up anything you give them, though, and come back for more. I often feel like a thoroughly squeezed out sponge after a day because of their "how", "why" and singular "what's". Most of them are natural artists and only a little guidance is needed.

(To Be Continued)

## CRAZY HORSE

(Continued from Page 2)

people. War would come and I would have them with the Dakota. There was no answer for them to give me. They remembered the ways of their fathers and it was not easy to turn from them. I could see the hope of them that would have the white man return to them as their friend. For all this I was sad that they did not learn.

I spoke my heart to the woman before her brother. I said my blanket should cover us, that my tipi was cold. She listened with tears in her eyes. She touched my hand and I came to know her heart would be for me. With the moon of the night I brought her outside and said my love with my flute. When my songs were ended, I returned her to David and rode back to my village.

My people were happy for me, my council was happy for me.

(Continued Next Issue)

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# the NATIVE VOICE

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## DELAWARE INDIAN

### THANKSGIVING PRAYER

By BIG WHITE OWL Eastern Associate Editor

*O, Thou Great and Good Spirit, Thou Supreme and Infinite One, in whom the earth and all things in it, may be seen. A Great and Mighty "Kitche Manitou" art Thou, clothed with the day, yea, with the brightest day, a day of many summers and winters, yea a day of everlasting continuance.*

We give thanks to Thee on this day, October 10, 1955, for all "Nature" and its wonderful and mysterious ways of life development.

We give thanks for being able to hear, and to understand, the sweet music emanating from the trees, swaying and singing in the gentle breeze.

We give thanks for the beautiful flowers, the medicinal roots and herbs.

We give thanks for the winds, the fleecy clouds, the rain and snow.

We give thanks for being able to appreciate the beauty of the rippling streams, leisurely flowing along winding trails and shady nooks.

We give thanks for having learned how to stand in silent salute as "Wild-Geese" pass overhead in wondrous formation and majestic flight.

We give thanks for the awe inspiring, deep blue waters, the great lakes and the seas, and all the life therein.

We give thanks to "Our Creator" for abundantly supplying us with corn, beans, tobacco, pumpkins, squashes, potatoes, tomatoes, nuts and berries, for the beavers and fishes in our rivers, for the deer and elk in our forests.

We give thanks for our good health. We are, indeed, very happy to see the leaves of the trees, red, gold, brown and purple; falling, gliding, drifting, sailing down to earth again.

We give thanks for having lived another year, for having enjoyed the seasons of winter, spring, summer and autumn.

We give thanks to "the great shining sun," to the pale moon, to the numberless stars, to Our Mother, the Earth, whom we claim as our mother because "the good earth" carries all the people of the world and everything they need.

We give thanks because when we look around, we cannot help but realize that "Kitche Manitou" (Great Spirit) provides all of the important necessities of life for us. For all of these, and countless other blessings, we thank Thee from our hearts. . . . O, Thou Great and Good Spirit, Creator of All Things . . . Hear Us!

WE HAVE SPOKEN!

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## Wanted: A James A. Houston

By BETTY C. NEWTON  
(Written especially for 'The Native Voice')

"Want to know something astounding? Eskimo art is fostered and markets found. No such outlet exists for Native Indian cultural development."

"What use is culture and art? It doesn't earn us bread!"

"No, but Solomon chose wisdom and to that was added riches."

"Let us make totems by the dozen—the store pays little but the sale is steady."

"No, I shall not prostitute by cultural inheritance. The Japanese can operate their darned totem pole factory, but before long the collector will come from afar and offer me the value of my fine basket."

"Have you heard of the United States Alaska Native Exhibition?"

"Yes, I saw it in Victoria, and I hope our friendly Indian Commissioner, who sent his good wishes, will tell Ottawa that we need organization of culture as the Alaska Natives have."

"What use are artists?"

"Well, it is a type of Social Service; let us consider James A. Houston. He went to paint the Eskimo and finished up by "selling" a cultural development project for them to the Ministry of Northern Affairs, Ottawa, in 1948. Their 'wisdom' also brought them 'bread'."

"Why wasn't Emily Carr, the James A. Houston of British Columbia? When will someone 'sell' such a project to Ottawa for fostering our culture?"

"The world's artists and students of mankind—called anthropologists—know and recognize that our carvings were the finest aboriginal ones, and our folklore was rich. I think and hope that the many who saw the Alaska Native Arts and Crafts Clearing House Exhibition will somehow make the need known."

## The Seventh Annual Pageant

By EDWARD L. KING

The seventh annual Indian Pageant was presented at Ohnedagowak "Great Pine" in the beautiful grove on the general's farm at the Six Nations, Grand River Lands, with four showings, August 12, 13, 19 and 20 this year.

The setting, a natural amphitheatre under a star lit sky overlooking an Indian village prior to the coming of the white man. The cast, an entirely Indian one, was doing the many tasks that were required of that day.

The thrilling drama was unfolded, portraying the lives of two distinguished Indians, Handsome Lake "Skanyadario," 1790, and Miss E. Pauline Johnson "Tekakionwake," 1890.

The portrayal of Miss Johnson was brilliantly handled by the nationally known Indian historian and lecturer, Mrs. E. Brant Monture, the great-great-granddaughter of the famous Mohawk Chief, Joseph Brant.

Chauncey John capably did the very difficult and dramatic role of the Handsome Lake.

Chief Howard Skye and his dancers drew hearty rounds of applause as did the singers under the direction of Chief Deskaheh.

Some well versed remarks by Dr. Thos. J. Jamieson of Detroit, a former resident of the Grand River Indian Lands, were well received, as were those voiced by Miss Emily General, an ardent worker and production manager. Chief Clinton Rickard of Sanborn, N.Y., told of the aims and objects of the Indian Defence League of America.

Much praise is due the many other members of the cast, and also those who played a very important part behind the scenes, contributing their time and efforts that these Pageants might be a success.

It has been my good fortune to witness many of these pageants from a very humble start in 1949 to the success of today.

Many times I have told these people they have much of interest to display to the public, their legends, stories and dances portrayed in this manner will bring a closer understanding of the North American Indian and the white man.

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# "A Rose in the Midst of a Weed Patch!"

By KELLY BRANNEN

A FEW years ago, I staggered away, in a blissful haze, from watching a movie in which, much to the joy of movie audiences everywhere, a delightful Indian named "Jay Silverheels" was appearing. From that day on, Jay Silverheels has been my hero!

Down through the years, there have been many great and outstanding Indians, men who have brought much honor to our race, but surely there is no finer Indian than Canada's own wonderful Jay Silverheels. A magnificent actor in both movies and television, Jay Silverheels is a full-blood Mohawk from the Six Nations Reserve near Brantford, Ontario, Canada.

Jay was born Harry Smith on May 26th, 1912, one of the eight sons and three daughters of Captain A. G. E. Smith, hero of the First World War. The story is told that at the time of his birth, his mother said "What shall we call him? Tom, Dick or Harry" and his father said "Harry." Theirs was a very happy, loving family. The children adored their father, an outstanding figure in the Six Nations Confederacy and holder of many military decorations.

Jay's grandfather was the storyteller of the family. He used to say "When you can jump as high as the dog, watch the deer; when you can jump as high as the deer, watch the mountain sheep; when you can leap as high as the mountain sheep, remember the eagle." It was his way of teaching his grandchildren to strive always to be better. It

was also his way of reminding them that they should remain humble because there was always one more goal before them.

As a boy on the Reservation, Jay learned the Green Corn Dance which is performed at the Indian Festival during the spring when prayers are offered for a bountiful summer. In the winter, they did the White Dog Dance. He also learned wrestling, foot racing, football, lacrosse and hockey, and of course, he learned to ride a horse before he could walk.

Although Jay attended Number 8 Indian Day School on the Six Nations Reserve, and later, Brantford Collegiate High School, he was much more interested in sports than in school work, and it was nothing unusual to see him rush from school in the afternoon, throw down his books, and be off to play ball.

It soon became apparent that Jay had inherited the splendid physique and exceptional looks of his father. His brothers were tall and handsome too, but Jay had that extra "something," a magical quality that would later carry him to fame. At that time, however, he had no thoughts of Hollywood or acting. He became Golden Gloves Boxing Champion for the State of New York, and he played professional lacrosse with the Toronto Tecumsehs. The fans used to call him "Silver Heels" because he could run so swiftly.

Then, fate stepped in. In 1938, Jay went to California to play lacrosse and met the famed comedian, Joe E. Brown, who encouraged him to take up acting. Jay began to live in motion picture theatres to learn technique, watching how the actors walked, what they did with their hands. A friend of his, who had attended Pasadena Community Playhouse, coached him. With the help of Mr. Brown, he became a member of the Screen Actors' Guild, selecting the name "Jay Silverheels," and his acting career began.

For a long time, Jay had bit parts, mostly just standing in the background of a scene, a walk-on (or ride-on) bit, or perhaps a "crawling through the underbrush with a tomahawk in his hand" or an "attacking the stage-coach with flaming arrows" scene. Later he got speaking parts, usually of the "ugh" and "off with his scalp" variety. (This was long before Hollywood depicted Indians as human beings!)

But Jay didn't mind. He worked hard, lived cleanly, studied as much as possible, exercised to keep himself in shape. Better and better roles came his way. Sometimes it was a case of playing important roles in minor pictures, and playing minor roles in important pictures, but he was gaining fame and the public was beginning to notice him.

A big boost in his career came when he played "Geronimo" in "Broken Arrow." This was not only a fine picture, but the first movie ever made in which Indians were the heroes and the white men were the "stinkers." As "Geronimo," Jay was superb! When you have a "villain" role handed you, it's very easy to over act.

You can shake your fists, beat your chest, sneer, snarl, hiss and generally make a fool of yourself. But Jay accomplished the impossible. He was a "nice" villain. Even though the Saturday afternoon 4-to-12 year old, blue-jeaned-set rose up and cheered when "Geronimo" got his come-uppance at the end

of the picture, you couldn't help liking Jay in this part. He was magnificent.

He again played "Geronimo" in "Battle At Apache Pass." He has had major roles in "The Pathfinder," "Drums Across the River," and many more. In fact, he created quite a sensation as "Cajou" in "Saskatchewan" which was filmed in Banff, Alberta. Not that he had to do anything more spectacular than act, ride a horse, carry a rifle, and help Alan Ladd save all of Western Canada. It's just that Jay Silverheels could cause a sensation if he just walked out and recited "Three Blind Mice."

I liked him best of all in "Brave Warrior." Unfortunately, this was a "B" picture that didn't get too far, but Jay as "Tecumseh" gave the greatest performance of his career. The story wasn't much — the heroine couldn't decide whether to marry Jon Hall or Silverheels (how ridiculous) and the fact that she finally chose Jon made the

whole thing improbable. The acting (apart from Jay's) was even worse than the story. The bad guys kept sneering at each other, the good guys talked too much, I could have shot the heroine and even the horses looked bored. But ah, "Silverheels." He was like "a rose in the midst of a weed patch." His "Tecumseh" was brave, exciting, altogether wonderful.

When "The Lone Ranger" serial was slated to appear on television, the producers began to look around for somebody to play "Tonto" and Silverheels was their wise choice. Every Saturday afternoon, children (and adults too) all over the country sit in open-mouthed admiration as this marvellous specimen of manhood gallops across the TV screen. Who else but Jay Silverheels could maintain his dignity while having to shout such inane phrases as "me go — you stay" and "him go-um thataway." He's a splendid

(Continued on Page 8)

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## Native Art

As the person instrumental in bringing the U.S. government Alaskan native art exhibition to this country to show that our government's parallel project extends only to the Eskimo and does not include the Indians, I wish to thank the following people for their sympathetic help:

The B.C. Indian Arts and Welfare Society for taking up the project; Mr. Reg Kelly and Mr. Collin Graham for acting for public relations and publicity, respectively; the Art Gallery of Greater Victoria for displaying it; the Indian Inquiry Committee office for their help; the minister of labor and minister of public works who sent encouragement and opened the display, respectively; the Indian commissioner for British Columbia who sent Mr. Anfield as his representative with his good wishes; Mrs. G. Howland who conduced refreshments with the Art Gallery committee and Dr. G. C. Carl who showed his film "Mungo Martin Makes a Mask" with Mr. Wilson Duff as commentator.

Most particularly I wish to thank Mr. Don Burrus, manager of the Alaska Native Arts and Crafts Clearing House, for gathering the exhibition, packing and sending it, and Mr. V. R. Farrell of the United States Alaska Native Service, for allowing the exhibition to be sent to us and coming from Seattle to address us at the opening, giving an outline history of the project as he originated it.

BETTY C. NEWTON,  
Convener of ANAC Exhibition,  
B.C. Indian Arts and Welfare Society.

— Victoria Daily Times.

## CONTINUED

By NEWELL E. COLLINS

# Tecumseh and The War of 1812

Their efforts to scale the stockade were unsuccessful, so they resorted to stratagem. Two logs of wood were painted to imitate cannon and placed in a threatening position. Then one of their number was sent with a flag of truce, demanding the surrender of the fort. The messenger claimed that their party was soon to be reinforced and threatened the destruction of the fort and the massacre of the garrison. The Ameri-

cans were not entirely convinced and resolved to hold out, as they were hopeful that Winchester would come to their relief. However, Winchester overrated the strength of the Indians and was waiting for Harrison to reinforce him. For a few days the siege was maintained and on September 10th a lusty war-whoop announced the attack. Still the garrison maintained its courage and refused to surrender. In the meantime the

Indians had been "making medicine" and conjuring the Great Spirit for a prophecy as to their hope of success. According to their medicine men, the Great Spirit foretold their defeat, which resulted in a large number of desertions. Finally on September 12, the Americans were reinforced by the arrival of Colonel Allen's regiment and two companies under Colonel Lewis. Whereupon the Indians destroyed all property outside the fort, drove away all livestock, burned all buildings and departed.

intended as a fortification. Elliott's detachment consisted of about 50 whites and 250 Indians, mostly Pottawattomi, under Major Reynolds of the Essex Militia. Their only artillery was a 3-pound gun manned by Bombardier Kitson.

The villagers were fearful of an Indian massacre and dispatched two of their number to General Winchester at the Maumee Rapids, begging that a detail of troops be sent for their protection. Winchester called a council January 16 and, in spite of the obvious folly of such a course, it was decided to send a party of the already small detachment to the relief of Frenchtown. There was not a dissenting voice; Colonel John Allen was one of the most outspoken recommending such a course. It may be said, however, that this action was taken without Harrison's knowledge or consent.

(Continued Next Issue)

## Oklahoma Chief Justice Gets Achievement Award

The 22nd annual Indian Achievement Award was presented by the Indian Council of Fire at its Indian Day dinner on Friday, September 23, at a dinner held in Stouffer's Restaurant in Chicago, Illinois.

Recipient of the 1055 award is Judge Napoleon B. Johnson, one-half Cherokee, who is Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of Oklahoma.

Judge Johnson is the only Indian to have reached this high judicial post. He was born in Indian territory before statehood and experienced Indian life in its transition stage. He was educated in Oklahoma schools and received his law degree at Cumberland University in Tennessee.

He has served as county attorney in his state, and as city attorney

for his home town of Claremore. He was District Judge of the 12th Judicial District of Oklahoma for 14 years. Prior to his unanimous election as Chief Justice, he was elected for two six-year terms on the Supreme Court bench by one of the greatest number of votes in the state of Oklahoma for any judicial position.

The Indian Achievement Award is given on the basis of personal achievement and/or humanitarian service. Judge Johnson receives recognition on both counts, for through he comes from a state where Indians generally progressed to a high degree, with many of them counted among the ranking leaders in all fields, he has devoted years of time and effort to helping other Indians.

He was founder president for a nine-year term of the National Congress of American Indians, and is now president of the Inter-Tribal Council of the Five Civilized Tribes of Oklahoma and the National Hall of Fame for Indians at Anadarko, Oklahoma. He is a board member of the State Historical Society and an officer of other civic groups.

The Indian Achievement Award was inaugurated by the Indian Council Fire in 1933 at the Chicago Century of Progress. Only one other Cherokee, also from Oklahoma, has received the award. This was Ruth Muskrat Bronson, who was then Scholarship and Guidance officer for the Office of Indian Affairs. Her personal career was one of great distinction, and she has done much in the educational field for Indian youth. Mrs. Bronson is now a resident of Washington, D.C. No other Oklahoma Indians have received the award.

Albert Stewart, Oklahoma Chickasaw, is the president of the Indian Council Fire.

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# Mohawk Indian Only Woman On Ontario Advisory Group

By BETH BRANDYS

In The Toronto Telegram (Submitted by Eastern Associate Editor, Big White Owl)

What are the real problems of the Canadian Indian? To answer this, you must go to the Indian himself. And even then, you must piece together your own answer, shaped mostly by conjecture and surmise. For the Indian is a proud race—perhaps nature's proudest.

Ask an Indian his problems and you will probably get a reply like that of Mrs. Benson Brant, only woman on the newly-appointed Indian advisory committee to the Ontario Government.

"Problems," said Mrs. Brant, a member of the Tyendinaga Reserve, Deseronto, "we have no problems. We don't pay taxes. Few of us pay rent. We have free dental and free medical care. We have a health centre right on the reserve, staffed by trained doctors and nurses. On your reserves, free chest X-rays have practically rid us of the Indian's plague—tuberculosis. You might say, we live the life of Riley."

## TREATY RIGHTS

According to Mrs. Brant, the Indians guard their treaty rights jealously. When they received the right to a provincial vote for the first time in the spring elections, many Indians were suspicious.

"They were afraid they would

lose their rights, if they voted," Mrs. Brant stated. "We had to convince many of the people on the reserve that voting would in no way affect their treaty rights."

There hasn't been much reason for Indians to be interested in politics. The only ones who have a Federal vote are those who are serving or have served in the Canadian forces or those who have left the reserves and renounced their treaty rights. Indians were never barred from voting in Newfoundland or Nova Scotia and they were given the provincial franchise in British Columbia in 1949 and in Manitoba in 1952.

And then there is the old problem of the Indian and the demon drink. According to Federal law, an Indian is not allowed to purchase liquor by the bottle. In British Columbia, Newfoundland and Nova Scotia Indians are allowed to drink in licensed public places. And Ontario has just passed a similar law.

## BOOTLEGGING RAMPANT

Mrs. Brant, who is so proud of her Mohawk blood that she hates to admit a strain of French, said that perhaps not letting Indians purchase liquor at least frees Indian women from the burden of having to nurse alcoholic husbands. (She made no mention of the bootlegging that is reportedly rampant on reserves with prices as high as \$18 being asked for a bottle of the cheapest whiskey.)

Juvenile delinquency is another problem frequently mentioned in connection with the Indians. Mrs. Brant reported that this is virtually unknown on her reserve.

If juvenile delinquency does exist on the reserves, the slim doe-eyed little Indian thinks it due partly to so many of the mothers being away from home working, leaving their little ones in the care of older children.

## ABOLISH RESERVES?

Will the day come when Indians no longer will be segregated on reserves?

The Ontario Select Committee on Indian Affairs, appointed in 1953 to investigate conditions among Ontario Indians, reported that the reserves system has failed to achieve its original purpose. Archbishop R. J. Renison, among others, reported to the committee of the "absurdity" of trying to keep a race apart in these times. No reserve which the committee visited was supporting all its members. Many of the reserves were cultivating only a tiny portion of the rich farm land they incorporate.

Mrs. Brant gave a partial explanation for this situation in her words: "If you give a man too many privileges and not enough responsibilities, he will lose his spirit."

This energetic little woman thinks that most Indians don't really desire the end of the reserve system—at least, not at the present time. "But the day will come—maybe not in my generation—when the Indian himself will of his own free will wish to do away with the reserve and to take his place alongside his fellow

Canadians."

The Indian advisory committee, which began in May meeting with Government officials, is dealing with such problems as health and welfare services, juvenile delinquency, education, vocational training, community organization, fish and game regulations and the sale of liquor and beer.

As the only woman on the committee, Mrs. Brant said she has found it "an honor" to have been chosen. "Everyone has been so kind."

## INFERIORITY COMPLEX

What are the real problems of the Canadian Indian?

Perhaps the answer may be found partly in the feeling of inferiority and of "difference" that years of living a segregated existence seem to have engendered in the original Canadian, an attitude detectable in the closing remark



MRS. BENSON BRANT  
Ontario Government Adviser

of Mrs. Brant, following a press interview at Queen's Park.

Mrs. Brant, who looks like anyone's sweet-faced mother, whose youngest son was killed fighting with the Canadian forces in Italy, and who has headed many women's church and agricultural organizations, said goodbye to the reporter interviewing her with the words:

"Is this the first time you've met a REAL Indian?"

## Indians Rap Unfair Laws

WINNIPEG — The Manitoba Indian Brotherhood, meeting in conference here October 4, has protested the existence of by-laws near Indian reservations which tend to be exploiting Indians.

In a resolution, the brotherhood said that under the by-laws Indians are charged and fined for drunkenness on evidence that does not warrant an arrest.

A. E. Thompson of Dallas, Man., secretary of the brotherhood, and Michael Twovoice of Rossburn, Man., assistant secretary, said they intend to appeal to the minister of justice to have such town by-laws abolished.

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## FIFTIETH WEDDING ANNIVERSARY

## Old Time B.C. Couple Honored by Friends

On Sunday, July 17, a British Columbia couple who have had a long and intimate association with the Native people of this province celebrated their fiftieth wedding anniversary.

They are Mr. and Mrs. E. R. Cox, of White Rock and formerly of Prince George, and more than 200 relatives and friends attended. Mrs. Constance Cox has written many stories for THE NATIVE VOICE.

The day was bright and sunny, and as Mr. Cox recalled that on November the 9th the day was also bright and sunny. Let me explain the celebration being held in July. We all agreed it would be much better to hold the celebration during the summer months as it would make the travelling much easier for those coming from any distance.

All the children were present with the exception of James who was unable to attend, due to the distance. He is located at White Horse, Yukon Territory. Thelma's son Larry Bell, now 18 years old, was also unable to attend due to the fact he is employed by a survey party north of Fort St. James.

Mr. Cox's two sisters, Mrs. Frances Morrison now 90 years old, and still going strong from Alberni and Mrs. James McKay from Bamfield, B.C., now 87 years of age journeyed to the anniversary party. Mr. Cox's nephews and niece were also present.

George M. Swan, of Victoria was

one of the three present at the wedding and read the address from the telegraphers of the old Yukon Telegraph Line on that wedding day November 9th, 1905. His address then carried a presentation from the operators. He was one of the first telegraph operators at Hazelton where the marriage took place.

He was a very welcome sight to many old timers upon his arrival at the anniversary party.

A telegram of congratulations and best wishes was read from Frederick Field of Courtenay, who is a son of that much loved Anglican Minister, the Rev. John Field who performed the marriage ceremony.

A telegram of interest was also received from George Ogston of Vanderhoof, who incidentally knew both Mr. and Mrs. Cox before they were married. A wonderful and very interesting letter was received from Wiggins O'Neil of Smithers, written in Chinook.

Mrs. Vickey Aldous Sims, Verouqua Bonser, whose father navigated the treacherous waters of the Skeena River back in 1894 was also present.

Beautiful flowers were received from Mr. and Mrs. R. E. Allen formerly of Hazelton and now residing in Nelson, B.C.

Congratulations by wire received from Jessie Cunliffe, Dan and Annie Fraser, Greta and her husband Stan. Many more wonderful messages of good wishes were also received from Prince George where Mr. and Mrs. Cox lived for

several years before coming to reside in White Rock, B.C.

It was a wonderful sight to see so many wonderful people gathered together with such a sparkie in their eyes when an old acquaintance came forward to shake hands.

The tales of pioneering of this old couple would fill many a page in history. There were many who were not able to attend due to illness and other causes, but their presence was missed very much. A letter was received from Speery (Dutch) Cline, who had just returned from a visit to his old stamping grounds at Hazelton where he was stationed as provincial constable for many years. In his letter he described the many changes in the old town since he left some 25 years ago.

Mrs. Cox replied to the toast in her usual humorous fashion, finally ending with a thank you to all the guests in the Kitichshun Native language. A toast was then drunk to all old friends both present and those who were unable to attend but who were in all our thoughts. A very happy and wonderful time was enjoyed by all only regretting when the time came to part again.

It was a day never to be forgotten by the bride and groom 50 years ago. To all who helped in every way, your cards were beautiful, also the many lovely gifts, to the ones who helped to serve, we say all our thanks.

## A ROSE

(Continued from Page 5)

"Tonto."

Today, at 42, Jay Silverheels has come a long way. He is the first Native actor ever to reach such heights. He has had a great deal of racial prejudice to overcome, to say nothing of the old cry "Who ever heard of an Indian playing the part of an Indian?"

He has matured into a fine looking man. His physique is perfect, his face has added character and strength, his acting is flawless. He makes the rest of Hollywood's so-called "glamor boys" look like kindergarten class. No words could possibly describe his dignity and warmth and appeal. Here is a man for all of us to admire — Jay Silverheels — a credit to Canada, to Hollywood, and most of all, a credit to the Red Indian race.

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